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# Luna.

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## Chapter 1 by Brock Thompson

It was upon the beautiful, desolate expanse of the Moon that Luna was raised. Her family was the first to survive more than one generation on the silver body that orbited Earth.

Luna. Her very name spoke of the barren plane of the pale moon in our night sky.

The Human World rejoiced when they received news of Luna's birth. A baby on the moon! It seemed like something from a novel. The elderly couldn't believe it. They related stories about when they grew up only one trip had ever been made to the moon.

Luna. Her name became a symbol of prosperity and space exploration for the world.

Luna. That name is on a gravestone now. Etched into stone, planted on the naked surface of the moon.

Luna. Her legacy lives on. Humans have reached farther than ever before into that deep vacuum of space thanks to her.

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Then came Sol. Born on a planet so unlike the moon. Sands of red, great mountains, but still a barren wasteland. He came after Luna, decades after her.

The first child born on Mars. It was celebrated on every broadcast. A baby of the great Red planet named Sol.

They dreamed up romantic stories, Sol and Luna. It was, after all, only natural born decades apart, never meeting, one dead, one in infancy. It was the sun never meeting the moon.

Great things were expected of him, he would be the poster child of Mars. The poster child of humans expanding, growing, and conquering the universe. If they could do it there, well, they could do it anywhere.

His face spread throughout the galaxy. To the moon, to the earth, but also to the beings who hadn't made their presence known yet.

They would change everything.

### Chapter 3 by Saira Guha



Sol and Luna, Sol and Luna, for years that was all people could talk about. Humans could talk only about humans, and thinking that the other creatures in the galaxy could crush them, that was asking for way to much. Luna represented the will to go on, and Sol, the power of the human race. The humans really thought that they had solved all their problems. Meanwhile, a couple million light years away, at, what would translate as The Centre For Expendable Life Forms, TCFELF, a conversation was going on. The head of this department, was from an old planet called Frintalak, it was one of the oldest planets in the universe, it was precisely 36,078,683,034,153 years old. Earth is a very young planet. The council that consisted of 50 life forms, was discussing Earth's former inhabitants and what to do with them. The humans were very ill-informed, but at the rate they were growing at, they would conquer their solar system in a measly 12,762 years!

### Chapter 4 by Nathan Hernandez



High Chairman of TCFELF, a Xenarian by the name of Digirus Zacal, stood to address the council. Digirus Zacal was one of the most venerated elders in the Galaxy. He was a long

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a belt with a gold buckle, and a small, round hat that sat on the back of his head, and he walked with a cane.

"Men and women of the council," he began, "I do believe we all know the reason for this meeting. It would seem that the Earthlings, more commonly known as Humans, have finally caught up with the rest of the greater galaxy and have begun interplanetary colonization. We should congratulate them on finally moving on from the singular-planetary age and into the modern times, however, with this new found power of theirs they have begun to overstep their boundaries."

He paused for a moment of tactful silence, and then continued.

"We must show these Humans that although their technological advances are to be applauded, and that we have much to learn from their quick developments in the areas of technology and spacefaring, they must be warned that there are laws and rules in place that predate their planets existence, and that to ignore said rules is to insure their utter destruction."

There was a murmur of assent from the council, and members quickly tapped in notes on their data slates and holocomputers. Three individuals seated closest to Digirus quickly conferred with each other. One of them stood up and addressed Digirus along with the rest of the council. He was reptilian in appearance, he had scaly skin, small eyes, and small spikes protruding from the back of his head. His voice was deep and fluid, and he spoke with an exotic accent.

"Digirus Zacal, and members of the council, I am Kordan Baal, the new representative from Jupiter. Me and my colleagues from Saturn and Neptune offer our services in, how did you say, in 'warning' these Earthlings to know their place in our great galaxy."

Many members of the council nodded and affirmed this course of action. Digirus thought for a moment, and then turning to Kordan, he nodded.

"Let it be so."

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